

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 328.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1870.

PRICE 1½d.

LE JEU EST FAIT.

'RIEN ne va plus. Messieurs, le jeu est fait.' I sit on a velvet fauteuil, in a magnificent apartment, one of the *salles de jeu* at, let us say, Spielbaden. I watch the crowds of people constantly streaming in at the doors and hurrying to the tables; I hear the click of the ivory ball as it falls into the brass-divided spaces in the roulette wheel, and the monotonous cry of the croupier at the *trente et quarante* table: 'Huit, un; rouge gagne et couleur.' What luxury there is all around! The white and gold paper with which the walls are hung is chaste and elegant; the parquetry flooring is a marvel of its kind; the frescoes on the ceiling are the work of no mean artist; the cost of all those gorgeous chandeliers would have made a sad hole in the revenue of a German prince.

Look at those civil and obsequious servitors in the scarlet and sky-blue livery of the administration. How politely they hand you a chair; how eagerly they anticipate your wish to possess a card on which to mark the sequence of red and black; how gracefully they take your hat and gloves, and with what care do they deposit them on a distant chair or sofa. One is almost ashamed to give such gorgeous creatures a florin. One feels as if they, as gentlemen, had rendered a service to a gentleman. Yet they never object to this small guerdon. Perhaps they think that it would appear ungracious to refuse it, and they sacrifice their independence to their politeness; perhaps they have some secret understanding with your hotel-keeper that the sums thus received should be deducted from your account; but, of course, it is quite impossible that such splendid beings should derive any actual and personal benefits from the gratuities of strangers, and one may therefore dismiss at once those absurd stories, that (like waiters in some English hotels) they pay for the privilege of wearing the livery and serving in the halls of the administration.

I think it much more probable that they are large shareholders in the Company, who, for the sake of looking after their interests, are content to clothe themselves in the gorgeous raiment of

flunkeyism, and attend, so much better than mere hirelings could do, to the comfort and convenience of their patrons.

What a gay scene it is. What crowds of well-dressed women and (to our insular eyes) queerly dressed men parade the rooms, stopping every now and then at the tables for a few minutes, and then pursuing, with noiseless steps, their measured promenade. All speak in whispers; for does not a notice at the doors of the *Kursaal* request that each 'well-born stranger' will not talk or laugh loud, or in any way interfere with the comfort of the devotees of the table. And is not this quite right? For whom are these splendid rooms intended? Not for you and me, my dear friend, lolling as we do on velvet cushions, and criticising the toilets of the *grandes dames* as they pass, like the ever-changing patterns of a kaleidoscope, before us, but for those eager gamblers (so hurriedly covering the table with broad pieces), to the end that, by-and-by, those pieces should find their way into the treasury of the administration, and furnish a handsome dividend for the lucky shareholders, who care not *how* their money is earned, provided only their accounts shew a comfortable balance-sheet at the end of the half-year's audit.

And yet, denounce them as you will, there is something to be said for these licensed German hells. Gambling is one of the most deeply rooted passions in the human breast, and it is one that *will* be satisfied. That, indulged to too great an extent, it is the most fatal of all passions, the last year or two of English turf records most indisputably prove. But I feel very great doubts whether when Ems, Wiesbaden, Homburg, and their kindred are swept away, we shall see the smallest diminution in gambling as the result of their abolition; indeed, I question whether the great passion will not take some worse turn, and produce effects even more disastrous than at present. The basis of all trades and commerce is the desire to risk a little and win a good deal; every business operation is more or less a risk; and what is this but gambling, in a greater or less degree?

Undoubtedly, there *was* a time when you were

justified in placing confidence in a house of old standing and honourable mention, whose bills, at some months' date, you locked up in your safe with almost as much satisfaction as if they had been Bank of England notes; but all this is a thing of the past; and in the present day, you trust your neighbour only because business compels you to trust him, but all your transactions with him are characterised by the agreeable impression (mutual, no doubt), that the stability of his firm is open to grave doubts, and that if he *does* collapse, you will be lucky if he pays you a penny in the pound.

Do we fare any better on the turf? There we see the representatives of many old and wealthy houses falling a prey to sharpers and swindlers of every description; from the crafty lawyer, who finds lending money at four hundred pounds per cent. even more profitable than fleeing the widows and orphans he is paid to protect, and who, having plunged a man into countless embarrassments, gets appointed receiver of his estate, in order to extricate him from them (a task to which he alone is competent, as none other could or would unravel the tangled threads of the mesh he has woven round his victim)—from such a man, I say, to the lowest blackguard who can be hired for a pitiable wage to divulge stable secrets, or destroy a favourite's chance by a judiciously administered ball or drink. The nobleman who, having been plundered of his patrimony and good renown by swindlers on the turf, passes the remainder of his life in forced seclusion from the society he should have ornamented, and the sphere of duties he should have fulfilled; the merchant who, having been tempted by too high a rate of interest, sees on a sudden his fortune fall away from him, and, too late, trying to prop up the crumbling edifice, takes refuge from his angry creditors at Ostende or Boulogne, and thankfully accepts a clerkship in a grocer's shop for the son he had intended for Christ's Church or the Blues: these, I say, have doubtless come to their sad end *indirectly* through their love of speculation or gambling, call it which you will, but *directly*, and far more certainly, through the rascality and knavery of those whom they were compelled, and might apparently have ventured, to trust, and who lulled their victims with fair words and false promises till there was nothing left to win from them, and then hurried them without remorse to their ruin, taking good care, meanwhile, to assure themselves of their own individual safety. True enough is it that at the German hells every facility is given to gamblers: you are invited to play; you are urged to do it by the example of others—you are almost compelled to do it by the absence of any other method of passing the time; but at least you know the odds against you; at least you are secure from being cheated; at least you are paid when you win. The bank openly acknowledges that it has from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in its favour, besides the possession of an enormous capital. On the other hand, the player can stake or leave off when he pleases, which the bank cannot do, nor can it refuse any stakes within certain most liberal limits. One very commonly hears this limit spoken of as if it inflicted a great injury on the player; but a moment's examination will shew that though it undoubtedly benefits the bank, it is also very advantageous for the former. The amount usually paid for the maximum is about three hundred pounds, and the leading com-

plaint against it is, that it precludes an effective use of the 'martingale' or 'doubling' system. It is by no means so unusual an event to see red or black come up fourteen or fifteen times in succession, as any one who has watched the tables can testify; and this, even starting with a florin, would involve a capital of from seven hundred pounds to fourteen hundred pounds; so that a player would have to win from eight thousand to sixteen thousand times to make up for such a loss; and no one with so large a capital would or could be content with winning so small a sum as a florin at a time—so that the limits imposed by the bank are, in this instance, practically inoperative, and only apply to those cases in which the player, originally staking rather high, and leaving his winnings on the table, allows them to double each time, and thus, as long as his good luck continues, stakes with the bank's money. Thus, if there were no limit, a man who staked one thousand francs in the first instance, might, in only six times, win more than five thousand pounds; and a succession of such *coups* would doubtless make a serious inroad on the bank's funds; but this is prevented by the maximum, which, in the above-mentioned case, would reduce the player's gains to about twelve hundred pounds, and which, while guarding the bank from such a sudden onslaught, acts as a wholesome check on the players, who, without it, would, in a majority of instances, undoubtedly allow their winnings to remain and accumulate until a reverse of fortune occurred, when they would all be swept away.

The least easy defence of the tables is against the assertion that they induce many people to gamble who, when left to themselves, would never dream of staking any money on a game of chance. In individual instances, this may be true, but I very much doubt whether people ever became professed gamblers simply from the fact of the existence of the German hells. Of course, there are numbers of persons always to be seen laying down their florins on the green cloth, who, at home, would be alarmed at the idea of playing whist for sixpenny points, and, to a certain extent, these may be said to be induced to play by the mere existence of the tables. But then, they come to little or no harm in consequence: if they win, so much the better; they pocket the money. If they lose, they speedily become frightened; and instead of, as some imagine, playing recklessly, in order to revenge their losses, they, as a rule, experience an almost ludicrous terror of the game, and never venture near the tables again, denouncing them, on their return home, as 'all against the player,' and the absolute and direct invention of the Evil One himself.

Though no sane man can believe in the existence of any system which would enable one infallibly to win, there can be no doubt that whenever a player loses heavily, it is due not so much to what he would call bad *luck* as bad judgment.

You may not be able to foresee what colour will turn up next time, but you may at any rate stop when you have lost a few times, or when you find your previous winnings melting away from you; you may decide before entering the room how much you are prepared to lose, and to what extent you will push your fortune if you win; and, more important still, you can keep to these resolutions when you have made them; in short, you may indulge in gambling, but not in reckless gambling.

But
these r
occupa
much
stand
watch
timid
she pu
to run
rake,
Her n
26 wil
a chev
one h
numb
winni
numb
That
sively
plan;
with
dently
The i
and a
where
eviden
after
impar
place
and
whet
again
But
snuff
receiv
with
in th
much
came
quar
hand
all
hard
chev
me,
com
loss
play
dispe
sibl
on
is a
qui
un
the
che
alm
his
oth
thi
fin
an
fo
a
dis
tic
je
lo
m
fi
a

But it is time that we desisted from making these reflections, and studied some of our fellow-occupants of this temple of play, who are, after all, much more amusing than dry theories. Let us stand at the roulette table for a few minutes, and watch the play. That lady on your right is a most timid gamester. With what fear and trembling she puts down a florin on 34; and then, dreading to run so great a risk, gives it a little push with the rake, so that it is now *à cheval* on 31, 32, 34, 35. Her next neighbour seems to have a fixed idea that 26 will win, for he puts a louis upon it, and one *à cheval* upon each of the corners, thus investing one hundred francs, with the prospect, if any number from 12 to 30 inclusive turns up, of winning eighty francs; while, if 26 is the lucky number, he will pocket more than fifty pounds. That tall Englishman opposite, with the extensively displayed white waistcoat, adopts a different plan; he is staking fredericks on *columns*, with now and then a florin on *zero*, and is evidently playing rather for amusement than gain. The fat Jew beside him, with questionable linen and a diamond pin, seems but half to like a game where all his shrewdness is of no avail; he is evidently at a loss how to place his money, but after much deliberation, decides that *noir* and *impair* are most likely to insure him success, and places a gold piece on each with a faltering hand and a longing gaze, as if he almost doubted whether to leave them there or transfer them again to the recesses of his dark greasy purse. But look at that little Frenchman in the suit of snuffy brown. His head has apparently been recently shaved, or perhaps it is in accordance with the latest Gallic mode that he wears his hair in that bristly fashion. It resembles nothing so much as those stiff brushes which some years ago came into fashion for wiping metallic pens. What quantities of gold he has in those fat dumpty hands, and how eagerly he begins to distribute it all over the table! Why, I declare he leaves hardly a square vacant; and then more pieces *à cheval* and on *columns*, and on *douzaines*! Bless me, if one of the numbers he has staked on *does* come up, he will hardly win enough to pay for his losses on the others. It is fortunate that he is playing with gold, or there would be constant disputes with the other players, as he cannot possibly remember all the numbers and combinations on which he has staked. As it is, every one else is staking silver, so, as far as he is concerned, the quiet of the table need not be interrupted by any unseemly brawls. That queer-looking fellow with the long beard is evidently rather a suspicious character, for on his placing a frederick near, and almost on our Englishman's coin, the latter takes his up, and replaces it by a napoleon, before the other has time to perform the same operation. All this time, the ball, deftly propelled by the practised fingers of the croupier, has been running round and round the wheel, till at length, the centrifugal force decreasing, and the motion becoming slower, a little click is heard against one of the brass divisions of the wheel; the croupier, whose attention has been momentarily distracted, calls out: '*Le jeu est fait*;' the Frenchman hurriedly places a louis on *zero*; the Jew, losing heart at the last moment, makes a snatch at his beloved coins, but finds it too late. The ball rolls into its receptacle, and in an instant, the result, '*Vingt-six, noir*,

pair, et passe,' is proclaimed by the croupier, who proceeds to sweep in all the money staked on the wrong numbers, *columns*, &c.; while his companion as rapidly pays the sums due to the winners. The lady we first noticed has lost her florin, and most rueful does she look as it is swept away, and most covetously does she gaze at the delightful pile of money the croupier pushes over to her next neighbour, who had gone in so heavily for 26. What a lot he has won! Why, they have paid him a one thousand franc note, besides a most tempting-looking heap of gold! Ah, he is a wise man—he is leaving the table; he has no intention of letting the bank win back, at anyrate immediately, the money he has just extracted from them. The Englishman has lost the napoleon he had staked; the Jew remains *in statu quo*, having won with one and lost with another of his ventures. However, he has been rather frightened, for he snatches off his winnings in great haste. It is not easy to say whether the stout Frenchman has won or not. True, the croupier is pushing a pile of gold towards him; but then he has staked on almost everything, so there can hardly be a great balance either in his favour or against him. The suspicious-looking bearded person has lost, and has had no opportunity of making a disturbance. He looks very savage as he walks off, and no doubt is going to try his luck at some other table, where he may have a better chance of pouncing on some one else's winnings.

All have now been paid. The croupier sets the wheel in motion, and invites the company to stake. Shall we remain any longer, or have you seen enough? Well, let us go to the *trente et quarante* table, and observe the play there. We must wait a few minutes before we can get near; there is evidently some great attraction going on. Ah, here is a vacant place; let us creep in. Oh, it is the noted Russian Princess Killenoff. Now we shall have some fun. She has just put down notes for three thousand francs on black. '*Deux, trois*,' Black wins. Will she take any up? No; it is left on the table. '*Tout va à la masse*.' Black wins again. The princess has now more than four hundred pounds on the table; and, the '*maximum*' being three hundred and twenty pounds, she withdraws all over this amount, and suffers the latter to remain. She evidently has been winning considerably before we came; and is considered to be in luck, as nearly all the players follow her lead, and are staking on black. The princess is not the only one who is playing high—and, in fact, if black wins, the bank will have to pay away nearly twenty thousand francs, and only get a few florins in return. And so it is. Black has won. The princess, who has just received eight notes of one thousand francs, crisp and shining, seems the least moved person in the room. She leaves the *maximum* on the table; and again a crowd of eager gamblers hasten to follow her luck. The cards are dealt. '*Deux*.' The faces of the players brighten at this announcement, and immediately fall again as '*Vingt-neuf*;' *il n'y a plus de cartes*,' is proclaimed by the croupier. The deal is at an end; the cards are thrown out of the bowl to be shuffled; and those who staked on black, and who have just lost what seemed an almost certain coup, have no alternative but to take up their money, and hope for better luck next time.

The princess is a great theorist, and one of her

notions is, that a new deal changes the luck; and as she has been so fortunate in the last, she now quits the table, taking a large crowd in her train. Her reputation for high and reckless play is so great, that people always assemble *en masse* when she approaches the table. Last year she broke the bank at Monaco three times, and on each occasion had to lend the administration ten thousand pounds on their note of hand, to enable them to continue playing during the day; but, notwithstanding this, when she left Monaco, she had lost not only all her winnings, but more than fifty thousand francs out of her own pocket—a result which no doubt she will speedily attain here as well. Her play is the most reckless imaginable; and though, now and then, as we have just seen, she makes some good coups, the balance of chances is all against her; and the longer and higher she plays, the more certainly will she lose. How different is the cautious style adopted by that little gray-haired man with diamond studs, sitting next the croupier opposite; look at that immense pile of notes, rouleaux, double and single fredericks, and florins in front of him. He is quite a character; he is a corn-merchant from the Baltic, very rich; and every morning, before play begins, he changes at the tables notes to the value of some three or four thousand thalers into gold and silver coins.

A casual spectator might imagine he was going to see some high play, but he would be disappointed. Two or three times, perhaps, in the course of a deal, the old man will lay down a small stake, generally a double florin, and never exceeding a frederick; and if he wins, will now and then allow it to double for a time or two; but he seems very nervous, and speedily sweeps away the accumulated pile, and adds it to the heap already in front of him. If he loses, he becomes even more cautious, and sometimes will not play during a whole deal. Whether he plays simply for amusement, or whether he is elaborating some system, to be practised at a future time with higher stakes, is a mystery. Still more incomprehensible is his daily habit of changing notes for so large a sum into cash, merely to reconvert the latter into paper at the end of the day's play.

The Englishman who came up to the table then is a standing protest against gambling. A few years ago, he made his appearance here with a system, the result, he said, of long and careful observation, which he pronounced absolutely infallible. It was simply this: he watched and noted the numbers that came up at the roulette table during two hours, and then began to stake on any that had either not come up at all, or had, at any rate, done so fewer times than the rest. The first day that he put his scheme into practice, fortune deigned to smile on him. He remained at the table less than an hour, and won seven hundred pounds.

His exultation was boundless. He thought he had really discovered the 'philosopher's stone.' Off he went to the bankers, and transmitted the greater portion of his winnings to London. The next day he played, and lost fifty pounds; and the following day achieved the same result, and had to write to town for remittances. In fine, in a week he had lost all the money he won at first, with the exception of fifty pounds, which he reserved to take him home; and being thoroughly convinced of the exceeding fickleness of fortune, he

has never staked a sixpence since, and does all in his power (little enough, I fancy) to dissuade others from playing. Those two young men in showy garments and lavender gloves are members of a coalition recently arrived here from Paris with the avowed intention of breaking the bank. They have been here a month, and during that time, report says, have won enough to pay all their hotel bills, and, in addition, make several expensive purchases; but they have not increased their capital, and I don't think they are destined to do great things. They evidently play on some system, but no one seems to know what it is; and they are always laying their heads together, and making some apparently abstruse calculations. There are six of them, and they take it by turns, two and two, playing all day. Truly an enviable existence! That thin, sallow, intellectual-looking individual in a semi-clerical garb, who marks his card so neatly and accurately, and is so polite in offering it to any one who is anxious to see how the game has been going previously, puzzled me for a long time. He is one of the *professional* players, of whom there are many here, and at the other spas, though the public seems to hear or know very little about them. These men profess to advise you how to play, holding themselves irresponsible if you lose, and claiming a small percentage from you if you win. 'And are they successful?' do you say? My dear sir, there is but one answer to your question. They remain professional players, and one rarely sees them stake save for others. Does this betoken great faith in their own judgment? Sitting next to the last-mentioned individual is a man of remarkably pleasing features, but looking sadly careworn and anxious. Years ago, he was a great friend and ally of the notorious Garcia, whose marvellous success is still a favourite theme with those gamblers who can remember the celebrities of some fifteen or twenty years ago; but, unlike him, he has preserved an unblemished reputation as a gentleman, in spite of his ruined fortunes. Men who have had an opportunity of comparing the two say he was a finer player than Garcia (what is a fine player, I wonder?), but his success, though great, was never so marked or so notorious, probably because he played singly, while Garcia generally employed four people, supplied with money by himself, who followed his play, and constantly staked maximums. The fortune of our friend here lasted longer than did Garcia's; but in the course of time he, like the latter, lost all, and more than all, the vast sums he had won. He still haunts the scenes of his former triumphs, staking occasionally a few gold pieces in a careless listless way, and seldom remaining more than a few minutes at the table.

As to Garcia, he has entirely disappeared, and few people know whether he is alive or dead. Driven to desperation by his losses, he was detected cheating at cards in a Parisian club, and being ignominiously expelled, sank at once into that obscurity which awaits all ruined gamblers. I have never been able to obtain any reliable estimate as to the amount of his winnings, though all agree they were immense. Various sums have been stated, ranging from eighty thousand pounds to five hundred thousand pounds. The latter is obviously an exaggeration. One thing, however, is certain, and shews the extent to which he occasionally won, and the terror he struck into the hearts of the

shareholders. In one of the *Kursaal*s most frequented by him it was the custom to place every morning a paper containing quotations of the current value of different government securities, stocks, shares, &c. Among the latter always appeared the shares in the local *Privilegierte Bank*, and it is a fact that whenever Garcia has been exceptionally lucky the previous day, the shares would go down from ten to twenty per cent.; in a day or two perhaps the bank would recover a portion of its losses, and then the shares would rise to something like their previous value; so that their position in the market afforded a tolerably accurate method of ascertaining the recent gains or losses of this most extraordinary man.

But while we have been chatting, the croupiers have shuffled the cards, and given them to one of the players to be cut, and the deal is about to begin. What a sudden influx of people into the room! Ah, now indeed we shall see a celebrity. The tall light-haired young man coming towards us, and attended by such a retinue, is a young Saxon nobleman, who made his appearance here a short time ago, and commenced his gambling career by staking very small sums; but, by the most extraordinary luck, he was able to increase his capital to such an extent, that he now rarely stakes under the maximum, and almost always wins. They say that when the croupiers see him place his money on the table, they immediately prepare to pay him, without waiting to see which colour has actually won, and that they have offered him a handsome sum down to retire from the place, or at least to desist from playing while he remains here. Crowds of people stand outside the *Kursaal* doors every morning, awaiting his arrival, and, when he comes, following him into the rooms, and staking as he stakes. When he ceases playing, they accompany him to the door, and shower on him congratulations and thanks for the good fortune he has brought them. See how all the people make way for him at the table, and how deferential are the subdued greetings of his acquaintances! He does not bring much money with him; his luck is too great to require it. He takes some notes out of a case, and places maximums on *black* and *couleur*. A crowd of eager hands are immediately outstretched from all parts of the table, heaping up silver and gold and notes on the spaces on which the count has staked his money, till there seems scarcely room for another coin; while the other spaces on the table only contain a few florins, staked by sceptics who refuse to believe in the count's luck. He is immovable enough, but his supporters watch eagerly the dealing of the cards. 'Huit, neuf; rouge perd, couleur gagne,' sings out the croupier; and the count and his party win, he pocketing more than six hundred pounds. He tries the same again, and this time loses on one, and gains on the other stake; so he is even; but his friends look reproachfully at him, as if he had done them some injury. Now he pushes his money over to the opposite side, and is well repaid for his trouble, as he wins on both stakes. The croupiers don't look very cheerful. They could stand the count's winning, but they don't like every one else to win too, especially when the play is so high. They know by experience that if the count *should* lose, he will at once leave the table, and, in all probability, take his supporters with him, so that the bank does not stand any immediate

chance of getting back its money. And, moreover, if report speaks true, the count has resolved that should a reverse set in against him, he will immediately discontinue play, as he is determined that the exceptional good fortune that has hitherto attended him shall not be rendered nugatory by any attempt on his part to push it to too great an extent. If it is true that he has made this determination, and sticks to it, the shareholders have, indeed, a poor prospect of a dividend next half-year, as the count's winnings have already been of serious detriment to the bank's resources, to say nothing of the gains of those who follow his play, which amount to something considerable; but, in all probability, the greater part of *these* will, sooner or later, revert to the bank, and serve to increase a *future* if not a *present* division of profits. Get your double florin ready, and let us follow the count's play next time. What is he going to stake on? Oh, red. Red be it then. Three-and-fourpence is not much to lose, but somehow one can't help being a little nervous as the cards are dealt, and perhaps this time the count may be wrong. 'Un.' That looks bad. 'Un, et la carte est rouge.' A respite, by Jove! Shall we take up the money? No. See, the count leaves his on red, and we had better do the same. Now for it. 'Deux, un.' We win our stakes. The count pockets his, and walks off, having won about one hundred thousand francs since we have been watching him; a nice little sum for a morning's work. We had better go away too, and avoid temptation, besides, it is near dinner-time. Do you dine at your hotel? Well, I'll come too, and our winnings shall provide us with a bottle of champagne to drink the health of the lucky count. *Vive le jeu!*

GWENDOLINE'S HARVEST.

CHAPTER XXIX.—EADY'S PRUDENCE.

EDITH FERRIER, who had not an enemy in the world, would have been glad to have loved and respected all about her; but this she could never accomplish with respect to Lord Luttrell. She was devoted to Gwendoline, and she could not but perceive, comparatively few as her opportunities of observation had been, that her step-mother was an ill-used wife. She loved Spencer dearly, and seeing that his father was wholly indifferent to him, she did not make the struggle to extenuate such unnatural conduct, as the good lad thought it his duty to do. She understood vaguely that Lord Luttrell was dissipated and extravagant; and even that he was in great want of money: Gwendoline had informed her of the latter fact herself, partly to excuse her husband's dejection, which (so very thin was his Lordship's lacker) had, in his present state of boredom at Glen Druid, rather the form of moroseness towards everybody, and partly, perhaps, to elicit her intentions with respect to her property when she should come of age. Eady was generous to a fault, and when this revelation was made to her, she offered (for her step-mother's sake) to relieve Lord Luttrell from his embarrassments as soon as she should come of age. 'They tell me I am a great heiress,' said she, 'and I am sure I shall not know what to do with my money.'

'At all events, my dear, you need not throw it in the gutter,' was Gwendoline's grim reply. 'In the first place, my husband's liabilities are enormous, and beyond anything you have imagined; and secondly, to give Lord Luttrell money—even if I could consent to such a sacrifice on my account—would be only to pour water into a sieve. If he had the whole of your great income to spend upon himself, he would be in debt by the end of the year. Of course we suffer because he is so poor; but that can't be helped, since he will always be so.'

'It must be very sad, however, to be poor,' said Eady. 'I shall take care that Spencer never suffers in that way. You can at least have no objection to my making provision for him; since that would not be done for your sake, but for his own.'

Gwendoline kissed the generous girl, and smiled encouragingly. She was desirous to hear in detail—for she had become exceedingly practical of late years, and especially with respect to money matters—what form this generous resolution was to take. Eady knew that there was a difficulty just then even in sending Spencer to Cambridge, on account of want of funds; and her private intention was, as soon as she came of age, to make over to him half her fortune; but she was too delicate in feeling to pursue the subject. Still Gwendoline had learned something which was useful to her in a certain discussion which took place shortly afterwards between her husband and herself respecting her step-daughter and ward. He had been arranging matters with her, not very agreeably—though, as usual, when he was in straits, he was polite and comparatively conciliatory in manner—for the satisfying his more pressing creditors, and the staving off of others; and after all was settled, he began to speak of Edith. He was wholly indifferent to her existence, as he had been to that of Marion; but he was grown to be keen and calculating—as his wife had grown hard and grasping—in all matters that concerned himself: he was not one to lose an opportunity however slight, an advantage however indirect, and therefore Eady was not left out of his reckoning with respect to the future. The idea of her marrying his son had entered into his mind. If the disparity of years, which, indeed, would have struck no one who was not aware of it—so tall and manly was Spencer, and so slight and child-like (just as her mother had been) was Edith—had been twice as great as it really was, it would have appeared no obstacle to Lord Luttrell, had his own advantage seemed to lie in such alliance; but it did not. He had a shrewd suspicion that he should not get much money out of Spencer, were he even to wed this heiress; for, in the first place, the boy was much more under the influence of Gwendoline than of himself; and secondly, he still had that 'devil of a temper,' a will of his own that would be neither cajoled nor over-riden. He was not one to be made a tool of; and he had a Quixotic sense of justice, that would probably make him refuse to expend any great proportion of his wife's property in paying his father's turf and card debts. And yet Lord Luttrell's views for Edith's future were matrimonial, as we shall see. 'That girl is getting to be very delicate,' said he; 'and if you don't take great care, Lady Luttrell, she will be going the way of her sister.'

'In which case, I daresay, you would grieve as deeply as you did for Marion,' was Gwendoline's cynical rejoinder, for his conduct on that occasion recurred to her vividly, and she was already in bitter mood with him.

'I should grieve a deuced deal more deeply, madam,' was his cool reply; 'since, if she dies before she comes of age, all she has will pass to some Scotch cousin, I suppose.'

'I suppose it will.'

'Well, if that is of no consequence to you, it is to me, madam; and I wish to prevent it.'

'Prevent her dying?' sneered Gwendoline. 'You are very clever, Luttrell: the longer I know you, the cleverer you seem; but are you clever enough to prevent that?'

'At all events, we may prevent the only thing which will make her loss of any consequence,' observed he quietly; 'for he could still put some control upon his temper when it was his interest to do so, and he wanted Gwendoline's help in what he was about to propose. 'My idea is, Lady Luttrell, to get the girl married as quickly as we can, and while she is yet in tolerable health. She is now twenty, and must be brought out—the money for that can be found somewhere, surely; I should not wonder if you had a secret store yourself still left for such an exigency?' And he looked up at her sharply and greedily.

'I with a store!' said she contemptuously; 'I, who have a spendthrift for a husband! If your plan rests upon that basis, I tell you at once it is a rotten one.'

'It does not rest on that. What I mean to say is this, that as soon as Edith is brought out she will be surrounded by greedy fortune-hunters.'

'And also by the best *partis* in the kingdom,' was Gwendoline's quiet reply; 'for she is as beautiful and captivating as she is rich.'

'I don't wish to deny her attractions, madam; but we must take care to select her husband from those with whom her money is the principal object. We must marry her to some one whose relatives will make it worth our while. The negotiation will be delicate, no doubt; but if I can trust Lady Luttrell with the social difficulty, the getting the girl to choose the right man, I think I can answer for the success of the business transaction. Our remuneration,' added Lord Luttrell reflectively, 'ought to be something in five figures at the very least.'

Though Gwendoline only answered by a grim smile, her husband felt satisfied that she not only thoroughly understood his suggestion, but would proceed to act upon it, and with a careless nod of his head he lounged out of the room.

It was quite true that the coming out of Edith Ferrier had been delayed to an extreme limit, and the fact had already excited remark. Society—the tender creature—felt a great interest in this young girl, much the same sort of interest that the betting-ring feels in the *début* on the turf of some young gentleman who has a great deal of money to spend. But for such feeders, what would become of the racing profession? And how could Society be kept up in its due state and glitter, if all young heiresses were to be kept at home, wasting their affections on their own belongings, or giving their goods to feed the poor? Society resented it deeply in Edith Ferrier's case, where something like twenty thousand a year was involved, and openly mur-

mured at her being kept so long in the back-ground by her step-mother; yet in this case Gwendoline was worse spoken of than she deserved. It was true that she had had no wish to introduce Eady into fashionable life; and indeed she had scarcely the money to do it in a fitting manner; but, on the other hand—not to mention that Edith infinitely preferred quiet at Glen Druid to riot in Mayfair—the state of the girl's health was a valid and genuine excuse for her seclusion.

Dr Gisborne is not consulted about her, because he has grown unequal to any such work; but famous physicians have come down from town to see Miss Ferrier, and pronounce upon her case by no means favourably. The action of the heart is feeble, and they fear she has hereditary heart-disease; her father died of that complaint, as Lady Luttrell tells them, and of course they do not doubt its being an admitted fact. Nothing is spared that could give her comfort or pleasure; and her step-mother is, as usual, devoted in her personal attentions. Edith repays her, for the present, with the most grateful and loving trust, and hopes to be able to prove her gratitude in a more material manner. There is not a single subject of disagreement between them, and only one of difference—namely, Susan Barland. Eady is very fond of her, as her poor sister who died was, and as Aunt Judith was; she likes to have Susan with her in the long evenings, when she does not feel strong enough to meet company in the drawing-room, and to ask her questions about the dead father and mother, of whom, of course, she remembers nothing.

But, taught by experience, Susan is very reticent and cautious in her replies. Edith is not at all alarmed about herself in the sense of fear, but she has an impression that she shall be very short-lived. And if she has really this hereditary malady, it behoves her to provide against the worst. She makes up her mind that directly she becomes of age she will make her will. She need not now give Spencer the money she had designed for him (though she will take care he has all he needs), for she feels that he will not have long to wait for it, and she will leave it him by bequest. He shall have half her fortune, and her dear step-mother the other half. That will shew, when she is gone, how gratefully she felt towards her and hers. When that is once done, no matter what happens, the dearest wish of her young heart will then have been accomplished.

In the autumn preceding her majority, Eady was taken abroad, and in the winter returned to London, where her coming of age was to be celebrated. She had not seen Spencer for nearly four months, and hardly recognised the handsome, manly young fellow who held out eager arms to welcome her. For the first time, she returned his embrace with some timidity. Since he had grown so preposterously tall, it struck her that she must really give up kissing him; but although Eady was also become more womanly, the same idea by no means occurred to Spencer. He was rapturously and irrevocably in love with her; and it was no wonder. A more beautiful and elegant young woman had not made her appearance in the world of fashion since her step-mother—a beauty of a very different class, however—had made her début. She was somewhat slight in figure, but very animated and *spirituelle*-looking. At the great

entertainment which was given upon her birthday—a very magnificent affair, and one which shewed, as everybody allowed, that Lady Luttrell was prepared to do her duty by her after all—she was the most admired of all the daughters of fashion. It was jealously remarked, indeed, that it was not quite good taste thus to bear the bell away in one's own house; though Eady could not help being so exquisitely beautiful, nor refuse to wear the splendid attire that became her so well, and which was her step-mother's own gift. Lord Luttrell was not present; he was angry that his advice with respect to getting the girl married before her majority had been disregarded; and he could not see any use in being bored with entertaining people. But his popularity had long been on the wane, and he was little missed; while Spencer made a much more attractive substitute. Altogether, the fête was a great success.

The very next morning, after their late breakfast, Edith informed Lady Luttrell that the first use she wished to make of her independence was to send for a lawyer and give him instructions for her will.

'Your will, my darling!' smiled Gwendoline. 'What makes you think of wills? I should have thought that marriage settlements—if your thoughts must needs take a legal direction—would have rather been running in your mind. I wish you could have heard half the pretty things that were said of you in *my* ear last night.'

'I would like to see the lawyer, nevertheless,' said Eady simply. 'I am of age now, you see, my dear Lady Luttrell; and one never knows what may happen.'

Gwendoline still made some faint show of resistance, but eventually gave way, with an eulogistic remark upon the young girl's forethought and wisdom. Some people foolishly shrink from making their wills, as though their doing so could make them more liable to death; and others held it a bad omen. She was glad to see her Eady had no such foolish fancies, and was so sensible and prudent.

So Mr Mumm, of the great firm of Mumm and Chance, who act for half the noble families in England, and for the Luttrells among them, was sent for forthwith; and Edith was closeted with him for two mortal hours, during which impatient Spencer more than once knocked at the door, with eager inquiries as to when that 'stupid business' would be over, and leave her free to ride with him in the park, and without the slightest suspicion that the affair which engaged this affectionate creature was the bequeathing him nearly nine thousand a year. At last her directions were made plain, and the man of law departed, promising to bring the deed, duly drawn up, to Glen Druid, whither they were on the point of departing, for her signature and execution.

On the ensuing day, they left town for what was now her own home. There were great rejoicings there also in honour of the young heiress; and she was admired by all at least as much as she had been in town. But Mrs Barland, who was now resident at Glen Druid, remarked that her darling, although more beautiful than ever, was looking far from well. Eady was indeed by no means in good health; but she was also fidgety and nervous about her will. Within the week, however, the lawyer arrived, according to promise, and that document was duly executed.

CHAPTER XXX.—A LISTENER THAT HEARS GOOD OF HERSELF.

The change in Miss Eady's looks when she had 'made all safe whatever happened' with respect to the disposal of her fortune, was so striking, that Susan Barland could not fail to remark upon it when they were next alone together. 'You are peaky and fragile enough still, my darling, and will want a deal of nursing; but you certainly have picked up most uncommon since you came home from that horrid London: you are not like the same young lady.'

'Indeed, Susan,' returned Edith smiling, 'I am afraid I am the very same, and likely to give everybody about me a great deal of trouble, though I don't think it will be for long.'

'Lor, Miss Eady, how can you talk so?—you make my blood run cold. Just as I was comforting myself, too, with how much clearer and brighter you looked.'

'Well, the fact is, Susan, there has been a great weight just taken off my mind. I have been afraid for these many months that I should never live to be of age; and when I did, I was still more apprehensive that the thing for which I wished to come of age would never be accomplished. But now I am thankful to say I have no anxiety about anything.'

'You surely have never been making your will, Miss Edith?' inquired Susan excitedly.

'Yes, I have. Why not?'

'Well, there is no reason "why not," of course; only, it seems a strange thing for so young a person to do, and to have been so eager about;' and Susan involuntarily sank her voice, and cautiously looked round her as she added: 'You were not set on to do it by any one, Miss Eady, were you?'

'Certainly not, Susan. Who should have set me on?'

'And how have you left your money, Miss Eady?'

The simplicity of this inquiry caused Edith to laugh heartily. 'Well, my dear Susan, I don't mind telling you, though I don't think it is usual for people to make such revelations. In the first place, I have left to Susan Barland, my dear mother's and sister's faithful friend and mine, the sum of five hundred pounds.'

'Heaven grant I may never inherit it!' said Susan fervently.

'If you are going to say that, instead of "Amen" to all my testamentary intentions,' said Edith smiling, 'I had better not say anything more about them.'

'Please, go on, if you don't mind, Miss Eady,' urged the other gravely. 'I should like to hear so much.'

'I had no idea you were so inquisitive, Susan. Well, there are some other little bequests, such as that I have mentioned; but with those exceptions, I have divided all I have into two portions, and left one to dear Lady Luttrell, and one to Spencer.'

'You surely have never done that!' gasped Susan. 'Oh, tell me you are only in joke—that you are not in earnest, dear Miss Eady?'

'But I am in earnest, Susan. And why not? To whom else should I leave my fortune, but to those I love, and who have been so kind to me? Dear papa had no relatives, except a very distant

cousin or two, who have never perhaps heard of my existence: and I am sure he would have approved of what I have done.'

A cold dew sat on Susan's forehead. She trembled for her darling, and yet she was at her wits' end what to do. Her sole hope, as it seemed to her, lay in the answer to her next question, which she put, however, as calmly as she could.

'Does her Ladyship know of this will, Eady?'

'She is aware that I have made a will, but does not know the provisions of it.'

Susan did not answer; she was debating within herself whether she should boldly entreat the girl to represent to her step-mother that she had thought it right to leave all her fortune to the Ferrier blood, from whence it came; but what argument could she urge in favour of such a course, and how was she to persuade straightforward Eady to dissimulate, with one, too, to whom she was so much attached as she was to Lady Luttrell?

Fortunately, Edith did not notice her perplexity, being herself full of solemn though not sombre thoughts. 'I cannot think,' said she, 'why you, Susan, who are so serious in your ideas, should wonder at my having provided against the common lot. I hope you are not one of those superstitious folks that dear Lady Luttrell spoke of when I first mentioned the subject, who think that the act of making a will brings one nearer to death. You don't think that, Susan, surely, do you?'

'I don't know,' cried Susan wildly; 'don't ask me. I have heard of such things. O dear, O dear!'

'This is very silly of you, Susan,' said Edith gravely; 'and I gave you credit for more sense.'

'But, my dear Miss Eady, you yourself told me you had a presentiment—a dreadful notion of being like to die.'

'It is not a dreadful one, Susan,' returned the young girl calmly, 'nor is it a mere morbid fancy. It is surely not likely—to look at me—that I should be a long-lived person; and did not my poor father die of this very disease, which the doctors say I have inherited?'

'It is said so, Miss Eady.'

'Well, and did not my dear mother, who, as you have often said, was the very image of me, die young, and our sweet Marion also? I am sure I have no wish to live except in so far as I can make those who love me happy by it; and perhaps I should do them more good by dying. But at the same time I am not going to die on purpose, you silly Susan. Don't you see?'

Susan answered quietly that she saw that, and only hoped that her dear Miss Eady would be more cheerful about herself. But she, too, had now a presentiment in her turn; she was thoroughly convinced that her darling's life was in danger in quite another way than she herself suspected, and resolutely made up her mind to ward it from her all she could. She did not dare speak further just now; but she determined that this victim at least should not be sacrificed without due warning. She was fortunately under the same roof with her, and could watch over her day and night. Lady Luttrell was a terrible foe, but Susan's long cessation from hostilities and seeming submission had reaped this much of good, that she was no longer suspected by her. She was now treated with such perfect indifference that Lady Luttrell appeared almost unconscious of her existence.

Gwendoline, indeed, had now scarcely a thought for any human creature, save Spencer, herself, and Edith, to whom her regards fell in that order. To all the rest of the world she was become a stern, hard, but irreproachable woman, with a very sharp eye to money. Notwithstanding her still marvellous beauty and stately manners, she had become in some degree vulgarised. Her passion for Piers had been, after all, in some sort—notwithstanding that it wrought such ruin—a refining and humanising influence, and it was now trodden under foot. People of her own class noticed that 'she had got over all that nonsense about her husband;' and they were right. She lived in their sight on terms of distant courtesy with him, and in open contempt and bitterness when they were alone. The only tender link between her and humanity was now her son. She was wholly wrapped up in, and devoted to, him. She would have laid down her life for him; and if she had thought there was still any hope of salvation for her soul (a question, however, that never suggested itself), she would have sacrificed that also for his sake.

Spencer, as much older than his years in mind as he was in external appearance, was very fond of his mother, but by no means unaware that there was something strange about her—something in her nature that not only kept her aloof from others, but even kept him aloof from her. He had never heard from her lips any of those tender reminiscences which mothers love to relate to their children. She was reticent about her past, and all who had been concerned with it. She had her own thoughts, her own ways, and her own work to do; and yet she seemed to have an insuperable objection to be left alone; she never *was* alone by day now, for even when she believed herself to be so, Susan Barland followed her like her shadow. Though, with all her watchfulness and keen observation, the latter could not discover that Lady Luttrell possessed any absolute knowledge of the contents of her step-daughter's will, yet her suspicion did not relax. The more she reflected on the matter, the more important it seemed to her that Miss Eady should keep her testamentary intentions secret; and the first opportunity she had of urging this, she seized accordingly. It was while she was attending to her young lady's toilet, late one morning, when Edith had had her breakfast, as was now often the case, in her own room, and the rest of the household were engaged elsewhere. Through the double window, Lady Luttrell could be seen walking to and fro upon the upper terrace with Spencer, and Edith had made some admiring remark upon the affection that existed between the pair.

'Yes, Miss Eady, it is very pleasant to see it,' answered Susan; 'and yet their love for one another does not seem to be of the same sort.'

'How so, Susan?'

'Well, if you have not noticed it yourself, Miss Eady, I can scarcely explain it. But, as it strikes me, Lady Luttrell's love is passionate-like, and quite independent of its being deserved.'

'And yet, you know, she is fond of *me*, Susan,' said Edith smiling. 'Really, you are not inclined to be complimentary to anybody this morning, it seems. Now, what have you got to say against Spencer?'

'Well, nothing, my dear: I only wish all belonging to him was like him. But with respect

to what I was saying about the difference in the affection of those two, *his* love could never be placed long where it was unmerited—that is, not if he knew it to be so. He is always quiet and respectful enough, for instance, before my Lord—although, when there has been a breeze between them, I have seen him stand up stiff enough upon his mother's side; but it is plain that he and his father do not hit it off. He does not love him, because he cannot honour him.'

'Lord Luttrell gives himself very little pains to conciliate Spencer,' observed Edith; 'and indeed takes little notice of him at all.'

'That is very true, Miss Eady; but it would be all the same if my Lord pretended to love him ever so. There could be nobody who strove to make himself more pleasant to Mr Spencer when he was a lad, than did Barnes the coachman; he was quite a slave to him, and not for the mere sake of currying favour, as I honestly believe, but because he was really fond of him; and yet, when that story came out about Barnes's ill-treatment of the stable help—beating and swearing at the poor fellow all day as he did—Mr Spencer would not have another word to say to him. I do believe if his own mother were to behave ill, and lose his respect'—

'Hush, Susan; we will not even suppose such a thing,' said Edith gravely. 'Lady Luttrell may not be a favourite of yours, but she is incapable of any ill conduct; and not only that, added the young girl with grateful enthusiasm: 'it is not in her outward behaviour alone that she is so admirable; her feelings, as I have reason to know, are particularly refined and delicate.'

'No doubt, Miss Eady; returned the other quietly; 'and that reminds me to ask you a question; you have not told her Ladyship, I hope, of how you have left your money?'

'No, Susan; I have not. But why should you hope anything of the kind?'

Ah, why, indeed? That question was not put by Eady alone, but by another, and with infinitely more of solicitude for the reply. Gwendoline had come in from her walk while the two were talking, and was even now at the threshold of her step-daughter's chamber. She had come up as usual to inquire how she had passed the night, and her footsteps upon the thick carpeted stair had escaped even the watchful Susan, whose mind, besides, was just then engrossed with the business she had on hand. Lady Luttrell had found the door open, and was about to lift the curtain that hung across it, to secure the delicate girl from draughts of air, when Susan's inquiry met her ear. No wonder, then, that with raised finger, as though in warning to her own wary self, and head inclined, she echoed Edith's counter-question: 'Why should you hope that I have not told my step-mother how I have left my money?' The face of the listener was very white and serious, and her lips closed tightly together as she awaited the reply.

'Well, because, Miss Eady, it would not be a nice thing to do. For since, as you say, her Ladyship is so refined and delicate in her feelings, it would grieve and trouble her, I am sure, if she knew that you had done so much—I mean so very much—for her and hers. Half to your step-mother, and half to Mr Spencer, is such a great bequest, I am sure it would greatly annoy her, even if she did not absolutely insist upon some alteration.'

'Perhaps you are right, Susan,' said Edith reflectively, 'although I really don't see why it should be so. Lady Luttrell has a perfect right to all that I can do to shew my affection for her; but I will take your advice, and keep the matter secret.'

Lady Luttrell's quick ear caught the approach of a servant, and she moved noiselessly away; but she had already heard enough. Edith had left her fortune, then, in equal parts to herself and Spencer. That was great news indeed. And then as to this woman, Susan—of whom, when she had heard her put that question, she had really almost begun to be again suspicious—what a poor fool, with her imputations of delicacy and scrupulous fine feelings, was she! She need certainly entertain no apprehensions for the future upon her account.

For even the quickened intelligence of Gwendoline had seen no other than the apparent motive in Susan's advice to Edith; and was on her part no less in a fool's paradise than was poor Susan, who had murmured to herself: 'Thank Heaven!' when her dear Miss Eady had promised not to inform her step-mother of her kind intentions, at the very moment that the secret was revealed and the mischief done. However great and imminent, therefore, might be Edith's peril, the faithful ally that she had about her was unsuspected, and all the more so in that she had involuntarily absolved herself from suspicion.

KNIVES AND FORKS.

AN Egyptian knife, found in the catacombs of Saccarah, has a copper blade, of the sabre form, but more straight. Homer says that Priam and Agamemnon carried a knife or poignard on the side of the sword; but Winckelman could see none upon antique monuments. The blades were commonly triangular; but in Boissard, one with a narrow blade, like the modern carving-knife, occurs; and a British knife, found in a barrow, has a similar narrow blade. Razors are mentioned by Homer. Both knives and razors of brass are of the most remote antiquity. The Romans had knives for hunting and pruning, and also wooden ones for instruction in carving.

The Anglo-Saxons had the *met-sæx*, or eating-knife, which they carried about with them, as did the Normans. They (the Saxons) had also the *nægel-sæx* for cutting nails. Mr Wright, in his *Domestic Manners and Sentiments*, gives a figure of a Saxon knife found at Selzen. It is the only example known of that early period with the handle preserved; it has been beautifully enamelled. From an examination of the manuscripts of that period, it does not appear that every one at table was furnished with a knife. We may observe *en passant*, that in pictures of the kind, the Anglo-Saxon bread (*hlaf*) is in the form of round cakes, much like the Roman loaves in the pictures at Pompeii, and not unlike our cross-buns at Easter, which are no doubt derived from our Saxon forefathers. The knife (*cnif*), as represented in Saxon illuminations, has a peculiar form, quite differing from that of the early knives found in the graves, but resembling the modern razor. Several of these have been found, and one dug up in London is in the Roach Smith Collection. There is great variety in the Norman knives, and many of them are almost grotesque. In 1834, some labourers found, when cutting a deep drain at Sevington, North

Wiltshire, a deposit of seventy Saxon pennies, of sovereigns ranging from Canwulf, king of Mercia (796 A.D.), to Ethelstan (878—890). They had been packed in a box, of which there were some decayed remains, and which, among other articles, held a fork. A knife and fork, apparently implements of daily use, were found in an Anglo-Saxon burial-ground at Harnham Hills, West Salisbury.

A knife with a boxwood handle, which belonged to Thomas à Becket, and was used for cutting the *eulogie*, is preserved at St Andrews, Vercelli. In the early church, at the end of the mass, the loaves offered by the faithful, which had not been consecrated, were blessed by the celebrant, and distributed, as a sign of brotherly communion. They were called *eulogies*, or *antidora*, by the Council of Antioch in 341. The eulogies of unleavened bread were placed on the altar, or on the credence near it. In the fourth century, eulogies in the Western Church were given to catechumens, and St Austin calls them a sacrament. The holy loaf, out of which they were cut, was ordered to be provided by the parish by the Salisbury Constitution of 1254. King Athelstan left his knife on the altar of Beverley, as a pledge for his redemption of a vow of beneficence.

A very early mention of Sheffield cutlery is in Chaucer (Reeve's Tale, line 13), where he states of the miller of Trowpyngtoun:

A Scheffeld thwitel bar he in his hose.

The same poet, in his Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, describes the tradesmen as wearing knives in imitation of the knightly anelace.

In the drawing of Chaucer, inserted in some copies of Oecleve's book, *De Regimine Principis*, he is represented with a knife hanging from a button upon his breast. This resembles the Irish *skein*, though that was a larger weapon, derived from Icelandic *skeina*, to wound:

Against the light-foot Irish have I served,
And in my skin bear token of the skeins.

Solomon and Persida, 1599.

They were adopted in this country, for in *The Merry Devil of Edminton* (1617), Fabel exclaims:

I hoped your great experience and your years
Would have proved patience rather to your soul,
Than with this frantic and untamed passion
To whet their skeens.

La Brocquiere mentions knives with their *steels*. A meat-knife of Queen Elizabeth's, mentioned in Nichols's *Progresses*, had a 'handle of white bone and a conceyte in it.'

Henry VI., when wandering about Yorkshire, seeking safety by concealment after the fatal and bloody battle of Towton, remained nine days at Bolton Hall, near Gisburn. He was then on his way to Waddington Hall, where he was discovered, and made prisoner. At Bolton Hall he left his boots, knife, fork, and spoon. Princes and nobles seem constantly to have carried these articles about with them.

Spenser in his *Faerie Queene* (iii., iv., 24) used the word knife for a sword:

And after all his war to rest his wearie knife.

Shakespeare, in the old quarto of 1597, makes Juliet wear a knife at the friar's cell, and when she is about to take the potion.

Stowe relates that 'Richard Matthews, on Flete Bridge, was the first Englishman who attained the perfection of making fine knives and knife-hafts; and in the fifth year of Queen Elizabeth he obtained a prohibition against all strangers and others, for bringing any knives into England from beyond the seas, which until that time were brought into this land by shippers laden from Flanders and other places.'

'Knives of Almagne, knyves of France, knyves of Collogne,' are enumerated in the custom-house rate books of the time of Henry VIII. As early as the year 1417, the cutlers of the metropolis sought and obtained a charter of incorporation from Henry V. The Earl of Shrewsbury, in a letter to Lord Burleigh, in the year 1575, mentions 'a case of Hallamshire whittles.'

Respecting knives with more than one blade, Misson (*New Voyage to Italy*, i. 618) says, that in 1688, knives were made in Scarperia near Florence, with 'two, six, and even twelve blades on the same haft;' and intimates that this was unknown, or at least unusual, elsewhere. The commencement of the manufacture of knives with springs, in Sheffield, is attributed to the middle of the seventeenth century.

Mr Gough, in his *History of Croyland Abbey* (p. 73), mentions an ancient custom there of giving little knives to all comers on St Bartholomew's Day. This abuse was, he says, 'abolished by Abbot John de Wisbech, in the time of Edward IV., exempting both the abbot and convent from a great and needless expense. This custom originated in allusion to the knife wherewith St Bartholomew was flayed. Three of these knives were quartered with three of the whips so much used by St Guthlac in one coat borne by that house. Mr Hunter had great numbers of them, of different sizes, found at various times in the ruins of the abbey, and in the river. These are adopted as the device of a town-piece called the *Poore's Halfe-peny of Croyland*, 1670.'

In Ross Church, Herefordshire, is a monument of a lady of the Ruddle family, temp. Henry VIII., who wears a knife and purse. In a lottery at the Lord Chief-justice's house, 1602, printed in Halliwell's *Poetical Miscellanies*, temp. James I. (Percy Society), Mrs Hide wins 'a paire of knives,' with these lines:

Fortune doth give these pair of knives to you,
To cutt the thred of love if 't be not true.

Knives were formerly part of the accoutrements of a bride. In the *Witch of Edmonton*, 1658, p. 21, Somerton says: 'But see, the bridegroom and the bride come; the new pair of Sheffield knives fitted both to one sheath.' A bride says to her jealous husband, in Dekker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

See at my girdle hang my wedding-knives!
With those despatch me.

In *Well Met, Gossip*, 1675, the wife says:

In conscience I had twenty pair of gloves,
When I was a maid, given to that effect;
Garters, knives, purses, girdles, store of rings,
And many a thousand dainty, pretty things.

Grose says it is unlucky to lay one's knife and fork cross-wise, and also to present a knife, scissors, razor, or any sharp cutting instrument to one's

mistress or friend, as they are apt to cut love and friendship. To avoid the ill effects of this, a pin, a farthing, or some trifling recompense must be taken in return.

No forks have been found in Herculaneum; but Caylus engraves one with a stag's foot at the end of silver, as a classical antique from a ruin on the Via Appia. This may have been used for sacred purposes. They are said to have been in use in Constantinople in the eleventh century, and, according to Heylin and others, were brought from China to Italy. Peter Damiani describes the luxury of the wife of the Doge of Venice, sister of the Emperor Nicephorus Botoniates, who would not eat with her fingers, but had her food cut into pieces by her attendants, and then she conveyed them to her mouth with golden two-pronged forks. Damiani wrote about the time of William the Conqueror. Forks are mentioned in a charter of Ferdinand I, king of Spain, 1101; and in the wardrobe accounts of Edward I, we find 'a pair of knives with sheath of silver enamelled, and a fork of crystal.' Piers Gaveston, the profuse minion of Edward II, had four forks of silver 'for eating pears;' and John, Duke of Brittany, used one also of silver, to pick up 'soppys' from his pottage. Le Grand says forks are mentioned in an inventory of the jewels of Charles V. of France, in 1379. This is the only instance he cites, and the passage in which it occurs concludes with this observation: 'Apparently up to the time when they [forks] came into use, the knife was employed to convey the food to the mouth, as it still is in England, where for that purpose the blades of knives are made broad and round at the end!' In Akerman's *Pagan Saxondom*, an example of a fork taken from a Saxon tumulus is given; it has a bone handle. In the middle ages, the fork seems to have been treated as a luxurious toy, used generally by the great and noble in eating fruits and preserves on state occasions.

In the *Life of Corvinus*, king of Hungary, written by an Italian who was resident at his court some time between the years 1458 and 1490, it is mentioned that forks were not used at table, as then in Italy. In the *Boke of Kernyng* (beginning of the sixteenth century), we have this precept: 'Your knyfe must be fayre and your handes clene, and passe not two fynghers and a thombe upon your knyfe.'

Forks were not used in England regularly at table until the reign of James I. It is true, as before mentioned, that we have instances of forks in Anglo-Saxon times; but they were probably not used for feeding, but merely for serving. The use of forks came from Italy. Coryat, in his *Crudities*, 1611, gives the following account of the usage of forks at table as he first saw it in Italy: 'I observed a custome in all those Italian cities and townes through which I passed, that is not used in any country that I saw in my travels; neither doe I thinke that any other nation of Christendome doth use it but only Italy. The Italian, and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy, doe alwaies at their meals use a little fork when they cut their meate; for while with their knife, which they hold in one hande, they cut the meat out of the dish, they fasten their forke, which they doe holde in their other hande, upon the same dish, so that whatsoever he be that, sitting in the company of any others at meate,

should unadvisedly touch the dish of meate with his fingers, from which all at the table doe cut, he will give occasion of offence unto the company, as having transgressed the lawes of good manners, insomuch that for his error he shall be at the least browbeaten, if not reprehended in words. This forme of feeding, I understand, is generally used in Italy, their forks being for the most part of yron or steele, and some of silver, but those are used only by gentlemen. The reason of this their curiosity is, because the Italian cannot by any means endure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike cleane. Hereupon I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this forked cutting of meate, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England since I came home; being once quipped for that frequent using of my forke, a certain learned gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, one Mr Lawrence Whittaker, who in his merry humour doubted not to call me at table *furcifer*, only for using a fork at feeding, but for no other cause. *Furcifer* in Latin, of course means one who carries a fork; but its proper signification was a villain who deserves the gallows.

In Jonson's comedy of *The Devil is an Ass*, we have the following:

Meerc. Have I deserved this from you two, for all my pains at court to get you each a patent?

Gilt. For what?

Meerc. Upon my project o' the forks.

Sle. Forks! What be they?

Meerc. The laudable use of forks
Brought into custom here as they are in Italy
To the sparing o' napkins.

Heylin, in his *Cosmography* (1652), says: 'The use of silver forks is by some of our spruce gallants taken up of late.' It is curious that Shakspeare is silent on the use of silver forks, as their use was a subject of constant discussion, praise, and ridicule at that period. A beautiful fork of silver, the handle elaborately engraved with subjects from the New Testament, is in the collection of Lord Londesborough; and Fosbroke notices one, dated 1610, which shuts up, and has at the end a statue, which draws out a toothpick.

A MARINE RESIDENCE.

IN SIXTEEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

Now, although there was room, in the sense of a room apiece, for the five of us at No. 1 Bellevue, there was only one apartment left for the ancient woman and the small girl who constituted what the lodging-house keeper termed 'attendance,' and in that chamber neither could be induced to sleep. They did not give their reasons, but only stolidly declined, affirming that 'not a living soul in Boddlecombe would sleep there.' As further pressing only elicited that they 'knowed better'—a reply which was made more mysterious by much solemn head-shaking and pursing of lips—we were obliged to give up the point, and the consequence was we had to be locked into No. 1 Bellevue for the night, a proceeding that Clementina combated (as undignified) in vain. These domestics said they

would be sure to come betimes and do their work, and that the key was as safe with them as it would be under our own pillow; but the proposal, in combination with that empty room, had rather a weird effect upon our party. As for me, I am not what is called an early man, and the idea of keeping women servants up in case of my taking a late stroll with my cigar, shocked me exceedingly. But the ancient woman, of gaunt and herculean frame, at once explained that nothing was easier than for me to enter by means of the parlour-window; and, on my demurring as to its practicability, instantly got out of it before our eyes. 'If there was *fire*,' she added, 'even *she* could do it'; and pointed with derisive finger to the wretched Foljambe, who had already managed to incur her displeasure by her sniffs and airs.

'Where is the hotel?' inquired I blandly, but with the full resolve of changing our quarters at the earliest possible moment, at whatever cost.

'Well, sir, there be two 'otels.'

'Come,' thought I, 'this is capital. If our friends have secured all the good rooms at one, we can, at all events, go to the other.—Are they likely to be very full?'

'Not unless there's pilchards caught, sir; then, if there's much of a haul, the *Blue Lion* will be full of the trawlers. They don't go to sleep, bless you, for nights and nights, nor let any other body sleep neither. They are the boys for a bit of fun, when they've had luck.'

'But these gentry don't patronise the other hotel?' inquired I with trepidation, and making a picture in my mind—a Dutch one, with the incongruous figures of Sir Charles and Lady Caviar, with Edith, among trawlers carousing.

'Well, no, sir, not so much at the *Nag's Head* as at the *Lion*; though, "when the fish is in," as the saying goes, "the mouth is dry," and the boys goes everywhere for drink.'

'What is that she is saying about fish, Uncle John?' asked Clementina cheerfully, and wishing not to appear utterly overwhelmed by the discovery that Boddlecombe folks did not provide knives for their lodgers, who were perhaps supposed to travel with them, as the Highlanders do, stuck in their stockings. 'Is there fish to be got here, after all?'

'Oh, ma'am, that there is, millions on millions on 'em. Sometimes you may buy enough for sixpence to last such a family as yours for a week. They're beautiful, pilchards is, if you only knows how to cook 'em. You bites off their 'eads, and then with your thumb—this ways—you splits 'em up, an'—'

I seized my hat, and fled precipitately into the street.

This consisted of a few small shops and the back of one private house, of tolerable size, but magnificent when compared with our own miserable dwelling. The front of it faced the little harbour, always a bright and busy scene, whereas No. 1 Bellevue looked only upon a counterpart of itself. The *Blue Lion* may have had its attractions for trawlers, but it was not to be thought of as a

place of residence. All my hopes then centered in the *Nag's Head*, about which, however, I entertained no extravagant expectations. I looked for a pleasant village inn, with flowers in the windows, and such humble attempts at grace and refinement within doors as are never contemptible.

What I saw was a small structure of pink stucco, which dirt had toned down to drab. The trawlers evinced a wise judgment in their preference for the *Blue Lion*. The situation, indeed, of the *Nag's Head* was admirable. The curved stone harbour, full of picturesque fishing-craft and small-traders, lay immediately beneath it, while beyond stretched a noble range of coast-line, point after point, and bay after bay, terminated in the dim distance by a huge promontory, crowned by a lonely light-house; but all within was not only mean, but, what it had no necessity for being, sordid. The lobby floor, that should have been white and sanded, was unwashed and foul; the atmosphere, in spite of the incoming sea-breeze, was musty and close. Even those signs of welcome, which, with whatever motive, an inn rarely fails to exhibit, were wholly wanting. There was neither bell nor knocker; but a rap from my stick on the open door produced an aged virago, who scowled on me without speaking.

'My friends, Sir Charles and Lady Caviar, have bespoken rooms here, have they not?'

'Well?'

'I have merely called on their behalf: might I see their apartments? They are rather particular people, and—'

'They can have two sleeping-rooms and a parlour. This is the parlour—here;' and she threw open angrily the door of a small apartment, resembling what I have seen when I have peeped into travelling caravans. It smelled as though some animal of the genus ferret had been shut up in it for a protracted period. I smiled and nodded, in hopes to ingratiate myself with that terrible hostess (though, as I afterwards discovered, this had never yet been done by man); but my heart sank within me when I thought of the Caviars and of that hospitable board, at which I was surely doomed never more to sit.

'What have you got for their dinner? if I might ask,' said I humbly, 'Sir Charles being rather particular.'

'Pilchards and rabbit-pie. If that don't do, he must go without.'

The idea of Sir Charles eating a pilchard, of which this lady had bitten off the head, and afterwards eviscerated with her dreadful thumb, struck me in a light so irresistibly comic, that I grew purple with suppressed laughter. Gourmand as he was, my particular friend would certainly find a new *plat* at Boddlecombe, even in the improbable event of his ever having tasted rabbit-pie. The bedrooms I did not venture to explore; but, from what I saw, the house and hostess, with their expected guests, reminded me of that scene so favourite in melodrama, where the rich *Milord* and family are overtaken by night and storm, and compelled to seek refuge in a *cabaret* on the skirts of a forest, and everybody is murdered before morning.

CHAPTER IV.

On my return to Bellevue Terrace, I found Clementina in despair about provisions. There

was to be no beef in the town till Thursday, and the only mutton had that morning been a sheep.

'Then there *are* butchers!' exclaimed I, greatly relieved upon my own account, since the killing things must of necessity have devolved either upon me or Foljambe.

'My dear John,' returned Clementina, 'there are seven butchers, but not one butcher's shop. Each lives in an ordinary cottage, and keeps the meat, when he has any, in his private room. At present, however, they have nothing but blue-bottle flies. There is no fish; there is no poultry; and even at the green-grocer's there is nothing but one huge pumpkin.'

'I have heard of pumpkin-pie,' observed I vaguely.

'Yes, but this is for seed, John. Even Kate is disheartened and disenchanted, and declares it reminds her of the pumpkin in *Cinderella*, into which all the fairy splendours were so prosaically turned. She had hoped for so much, and has found so little in this place.'

'Our experiences since you left us, Uncle John,' cried Eva, 'have been terrible. We have been asking the groceress what there is to do in Boddlecombe, and she says: "Nothing." Were there any ruins, churches, Druidical remains, or Roman encampments to be seen?—No, none. Were there any riding-horses to be hired?—There were horses, she replied, but certainly not side-saddles.'

'Dear me, girls, this is all very sad,' said I; 'but at all events, there seems to be excellent bathing here.'

'There's bathing, Uncle John, but— isn't it shocking?—there are no bathing-machines. The ladies dress and undress in the caverns. Foljambe says she could never bring herself to do that.'

'That's a great disadvantage to the public,' said I—'I mean their having no bathing-machines; but it really seems incredible. They must be five hundred years behind their age, and yet they have got a telegraph-wire to town.'

Of this scientific link between themselves and civilisation, by-the-by, the Boddlecombiters, as I soon discovered, were exceedingly proud. The sole recreation of the inhabitants of this benighted district is to flash little messages to one another about nothing particular. They prefer using it to writing letters; and, indeed, I doubt whether the art of writing has much obtained among them. As for reading—but of that anon; suffice it to say, that when one considered the extreme backwardness of Boddlecombe in all other matters, its possessing a telegraph was as surprising as it would be to find one in the Tonga Islands.

If there was nothing for the visitors to do, however, in this maritime Sleepy Hollow, they were not worse off in that respect than the aborigines. Landsmen and sailors were equally idle in Boddlecombe, but the former had the advantage, because they could amuse themselves with the electric wire. The latter rolled about the harbour with their hands in their pockets, and quids in their mouths, or sat smoking all day long in certain small white cabins on the cliff-top, looking out for pilchard-shoals, whose arrival they notify to the village through speaking-trumpets. As shoals (that were worth speaking about) did not appear upon the average more than once in three years, this occupation (for which, however, they were duly remunerated) was

about as permanent and continuous as that of the American gentleman who described his profession to be 'the blacking glasses for eclipses.'

'Delightful bathing weather,' observed I to one of these gentry, who, speaking-trumpet in hand, was slowly wending by, after concluding his arduous labours for the day.

'Well, yes, sir; but they do say the sea-water ain't none so wholesome when the sun is upon it.'

This local superstition, thought I, has doubtless its rise in motives of delicacy; they have got no machines here, and therefore they all bathe in the dark. 'The bathing is safe here, however, is it not,' inquired I, 'so far as the shore is concerned? I have got some ladies here, who are very anxious to know, my man.'

'The shore is well enough, bless ye,' was the reply; 'it's the sea as is so chancy. Your gals must take hold of hands, and not go out too far: there was a party drowned only last summer down yonder.'

'A party!' exclaimed Eva, in astonishment. 'Not a large party, I hope?'

'Yes, she were. She was a stout 'ooman enough; and that was how it was—she wouldn't take hold of hands.'

'My good man,' said I, eager to cut short this melancholy recital, 'we are strangers here, and should be glad if you could tell us what there is to do.'

The ancient mariner slowly turned his quid, and regarded us with great astonishment. 'Why, you don't want to do anything, do yer?'

'Well, we should like to see something, at all events. Now, I'll give you a shilling if you can tell us something to be seen or to be done this very afternoon.'

Stimulated by the sight of the coin held between my finger and thumb, the sailor closed his left eye, a sign that he was concentrating all his intellectual energies. 'You can't go a-shrimping,' said he thoughtfully, 'because there are no shrimps; nor go a-prawning, because the tide don't serve. You can't see Queen Mary, because she's under water, likewise the caverns, and all that. Blessed if I know what you and the ladies can do, unless, may be, you would like to see my corn cut.'

'What a horrible man!' whispered Eva. 'Pray, send him away, uncle, do.'

'You see my corn is up yonder,' continued the unconscious mariner, 'on that big rock which the sea has parted from the land. I rents it of Squire Bunting; and it's a tough job to make anything out of he or him. There is no road up to it, but we swing ourselves up and down by ropes. I got a tidy bit of corn up atop, and it's going to be cut this afternoon; and if they don't mind being pulled up by the rope, the ladies can see that.'

'There is the shilling, my man,' said I, 'though I don't think the rope will quite suit us. But you were speaking of Squire Bunting.—Was not that the man, Eva, who promised us the Lookout, and then deceived us?'

'Ah, yes, that's he,' said the sailor. 'I dare say he did deceive. The Lookout he calls his house, but I calls it the *Sharp Lookout*. He takes care of No. 1, he do.'

'I should think he was a very wicked man,' said Eva, with the quiet charity that distinguishes her sex, when suffering from annoyance.

'Oh, he's all that, ma'am, and wus, is Squire

Bunting. They do say he never looked in a Bible but once; and that was, as you might say, because he was drove to it. He had beaten an old gipsy woman for trespass, and she had warned him that he would die before twelve o'clock on Sunday night. Then he was main scared, surely; he had the parson to sit up wi' him, reading, and reading, and reading; and when he gave out, the squire read hisself, in hopes to pass over the evil time. But when the clock struck twelve, the squire he jumped up quite lively, snapping his fingers, and hit the parson over the head with the good book, saying, he didn't want no more of it, not he.—Yes, he's a bad un, he is. What I calls shilly-shally; never knows his own mind; so, of course, nobody else can't know it.'

'Do you think it possible, then,' cried Eva eagerly, 'that this—this peculiar person of whom you speak, may have changed his mind as to letting his house?—that we may get the Lookout, after all?'

'As like as not, miss; and specially if "circumstances over which he had no control" had anything to do with it. That's his phrase when he has no particular reason for doing a disagreeable thing; and that's what he said when he raised my rent last year for that bit of an island.'

'Then there is still hope,' cried Eva inconsequently.—'Oh, do go to the house-agent, Uncle John, and let us escape from No. 1 Bellevue! But we did not escape that night. As I awoke for the fifth time on that uncomfortable Boddlecombe mattress to find myself 'catching at a straw,' there came through the open casement, in the pauses of that solemn sigh of the sea, another sound, speaking of human agony. The idea of the mysterious chamber in which everybody 'knowed better' than to sleep, at once occurred to me, and I drew out my watch from beneath my pillow. Yes; it was just midnight, the very hour at which (with a punctuality few of them have exhibited in the flesh) spirits invariably revisit their former dwelling-places. I was doubtless in the act of listening to the Boddlecombe ghost. His groans were awful and continuous, and came from immediately beneath my window. He had left his usual haunt, and was evidently sitting—if circumstances permitted of his taking a seat—in our little porch; perhaps, alas, poor ghost, for coolness. But if cool, he was by means composed. If it was the stings of conscience which were thus agitating his shadowy frame, he must have been a *mauvais sujet* indeed; his moans were ceaseless when they were not diversified by a short, sharp shriek, as though he had been a living being with a sensitive organisation, and somebody had suddenly run a pin into him. If such was his usual behaviour, it was certainly not surprising that he kept his room to himself o' nights.

I approached the window, and peeped out, but could see nothing. The groans, however, continued: it was evident that if the gentleman of the porch was a philosopher, he was not a *Stoic*.

'Hi!' said I. 'What's the matter?'

'O-o-oh! O-o-oh! O-o-oh! Ah,' cried the unknown, 'let me in, sir, do. O-o-o-oh! Oh, oh!'

'My good soul,' said I (a term which it struck me would meet either case, whether he was in the body or not), 'I would let you in with pleasure, but I have no means of doing so. We are locked up here for the night.'

'The
the u
'U
of the
else's
'I
voice
drunk
—ah—
I took
the d
He
and p
appea
vain
expla
but o
in de
at my
him
happ
W
break
man
repli
is wh
gout.
'B
thoug
resort
Th
and i
not s
'A
about
tenan
De
I put
and
were
'B
earn
about
'S
which
hum
have
it is
myste
'Y
said
I
'P
see,
and
seem
was
but
'
more
'
tant
Reac
can
pom
secre
key.
for
Tow
holl
A

'Then I shall die in the porch, uncle,' answered the unknown obstinately. 'Ugh, ugh, ugh!'

'Uncle!' thought I. 'Why, this can't be either of the girls; and I don't know that I am anybody else's uncle. What the deuce does he mean?'

'I didn't want father to see me,' resumed the voice, 'because I was o-oh, o-oh, o-oh! so very drunk, and somebody told me that vinegar would—ah-h, ah-h, ah-h!—make me all right again; and I took a pint of it, neat, and—o-o-oh!—it is being the death of me.'

He had rolled himself out upon the grass plot, and presented to my view a young man of decent appearance, but evidently in great suffering. In vain I tried to gain the patient's attention, and explain that I was not the estate-agent, his uncle, but only a lodger at No. 1 Bellevue. He persisted in demanding to be let in, and in laying his death at my door, in case of refusal. At last, I persuaded him to go to the chemist's, which fortunately happened to be down hill; and off he rolled.

When Clementina and the dear girls inquired at breakfast what had been the matter with that poor man who had made such a dreadful groaning, I replied that he was suffering from 'acidity,' which is what my doctor tells me when I have got the gout.

'But what a funny place must Boddlecombe be,' thought I, 'where such extreme remedies are resorted to for so common a complaint.'

The next morning, I repaired to my landlord, and informed him that our present residence would not suit us.

'Ah,' said he, 'you have heard that stupid story about the haunted bedroom; and so I've lost my tenant. I wish I knew who set it afloat.'

Delighted to be rid of the house on any grounds, I pursed my lips as the ancient Abigail had done, and observed that neither myself nor my family were ghost-proof.

'But what did you see, sir?' inquired he so earnestly, that it was clear he was as credulous about the story as his neighbours.

'Sir,' said I solemnly, 'that is a question to which I will never reply at the bidding of any human being. I know what I know; but you have to answer it to your own conscience, whether it is right to expose unoffending persons like myself to such terrible contingences.'

'You had a bad night, sir, then, I am afraid?' said my landlord.

I nodded gravely.

'How odd, to be sure,' mused the other, 'for you see, sir, the poor young man committed suicide; and since he was anxious to leave the world, it seems so strange he should come back to it. He was only a cousin of mine by the mother's side; but still it's very unpleasant.'

'Very,' said I coldly. 'I wish you would once more see Mr Bunting about the Lookout.'

'Very good, sir,' replied the house-agent reluctantly. 'Perhaps you'd like to step up to the Reading-room, and amuse yourself there until I can bring you word. I am empowered,' added he pompously, 'by virtue of my office as honorary secretary, to furnish respectable strangers with a key.' And he produced an implement that might, for size, have fitted the principal entrance of the Tower of London, and which was carried in the hollow of the arm, like a sceptre.

Armed with this key to knowledge, I strolled up

the street looking for some appropriate dwelling—an Athenæum, or an Institute, or a Town-hall, to unlock with it; but nothing of the sort was to be seen. Upon inquiry, I found that I had passed by the object of my search without recognising its literary character. The Reading-room was, in fact, an apartment much resembling, as to furniture, a second-class waiting-room at a railway station, but very small and dingy. The door of it stood wide open (as I afterwards found it always did); and at a little table, on which were strewn a few old *Punches*, a penny local paper, and a *Bradshaw* of the month before last, sat a sea-faring person, whom my arrival had evidently aroused from sleep. He wore the reddest nose that I ever saw, and had a trick of rubbing it with his sleeve, instead of hitching up his trousers, I suppose, which made it shine amazingly. His voice was gruff, his eyes were dim, and his manner was intensely cordial.

'Delighted to see 'nother gen'leman in the Reading-room,' said he, essaying to stand up, but swaying from side to side: 'a community of tastes is desirable; always reading myself; never lose an op'—Here this sea-Bardolph smiled feebly, as though to assure me that though the verbal obstacle was troublesome, it would be surmounted presently. 'Never lose an op'—reiterated he; and then, after a short pause, and taking, as it were, a run at the impediment, he cleared it: 'Never lose an opportunity of mental improvement. Nobody at Boddlecombe 'proves their minds 'cept *Ego et Balbus*—you and me. Of all the virtues that adorn the soul, frenship is the most pleasing. Let's be frensh, sir: take the paper.'

He handed me a steamboat guide for one of the winter months, which had apparently formed his own latest reading.

'There is not much news of interest in the papers at present,' observed I.

'Always interest,' insisted Bardolph, 'to flossifer; *nihil humnum*—if you're Latin scholar—a *me alienum*, down to the p'lice reports.—Our library, sir.'

'So I see,' said I, affecting to be engaged in choosing a volume, in order to escape his attention. I had to 'make-believe' very much, for the three shelves of books which formed the public literature of Boddlecombe had absolutely no attractions. The most engaging was one of these ancient tracts upon sagacity, written in the interests of the dog, before it was discovered that even the wisest of Newfoundlands is, as a bathing-companion, much more likely to drown his master than to save him.

This unintentional work of fiction was the only example of story-telling to be found. 'Why, what on earth are the poor girls to do here?' exclaimed I involuntarily.

'Let 'em prawn,' said Bardolph eagerly. 'A prawn a day—no, it's something else that is a groat a year; but it's a noble sport, sir, and is enjoyed without bloodshed. To be up before the dawning, and shoulder our nets for prawning, as the song says. I make the nets for pleasure, and in my hours of leisure, with my own hands, and shall be happy to rig you out.'

This first prospect of something to do at Boddlecombe filled me with a rapture, which, twenty-four hours before, would have seemed incredible; and an order for four nets upon the spot put my companion into equally high spirits. His manner

slid at once from cordiality to confidentiality. 'You are a man of taste,' said he, laying his hand upon my shoulder, 'and a kindred spirit; "of all the virtush that adorn."'

While this dissolute old reprobate was in the very act of hiccuping his copy-book morality (he had been a schoolmaster on board ship when schoolmasters went a good deal abroad), a carriage with four horses rapidly whirled by the window, and I recognised the Caviars at a glance. I had my fears that they had also recognised me, although, indeed, they would as soon have looked for an acquaintance in that Boddlecombe Athenæum, and in such company, as in the tollgate on Waterloo Bridge. 'Let us be frensh,' continued the unconscious sea-monster. 'I can get you prawn-nets until these four are made; the chief-offisher is a frensh of mine, and will lend them; they are in the gov'ment storeroom. The chief-offisher can get them out; and when I have managed that, and the tide serves, I'll tell you what—you and your young ladies—I'll go prawning *with you my own self*.'

'I'm d—outbful about that,' exclaimed I involuntarily, for the idea of being persecuted by this old man of the sea irritated me exceedingly. 'I have some friends just arrived, and my movements must depend upon theirs.'

And off I hurried towards the *Nag's Head*. There was an eminence from which I could mark all that passed in front of the hotel, and thither I repaired; for to meet the Caviars face to face in the first moment of disappointment and despair, was not to be thought of. They had not descended from their carriage, which stood at the inn-door, nor did they exhibit the least intention of doing so. Sir Charles was on his feet, gesticulating with his gold-headed cane, and haranguing a crowd of aborigines in a most denunciatory manner. Lady Caviar was leaning back with her eyes shut, as though appealing from men to gods against this intolerable condition of affairs, to which life had as yet offered no parallel. Edith was calmly regarding, through her eye-glass, the infuriated landlady, who, with her arms akimbo, had been evidently just favouring her new arrivals with a bit of her mind. Such a specimen of humanity had certainly never presented itself to this young lady's notice before, and her observation of it was prolonged and microscopic. I would have given a sovereign to have heard what was said on both sides, but I dared not venture nearer; and even while I hesitated, the horse's heads were turned round, and off the whole party started, back again, amid the cheers of the small boys, who doubtless took the carriage-and-four for the promise of a hippodrome. The Caviars had tired of Boddlecombe in eight minutes forty-five seconds (for a dark presentiment had made me time them), and we were left there friendless and forlorn.

No, not friendless, for yonder lurched my sea-Bardolph, with triumph in his vinous eyes, and waving aloft some marine implement. 'I've been to the chief-offisher's, whose a frensh of mine,' bawled he, 'and he opensh the gov'ment stores; and here's a prawning-net better nor ever you see in all your life, and I'm a-coming along wi' yer myself. So there.'

I turned, and fled to Bellevue Terrace, which, humble as it was, could yet afford the sacred privacy of home.

WOODLAND MEMORIES.

I DEARLY love the lonely grove
That waves above the mill,
Where April breezes learn to move,
And Autumn gales to shrill.

Barely two acres in extent,
It climbs the glimm'ring wold,
Fair when its buds with green are blent,
Fairer when touched with gold.

Blithe children once in long-past years
Beneath its boughs would stray;
This oak the self-same aspect wears,
This elm—but where are they?

Some sleep beneath a Tropic sun;
One dares the Arctic wave;
The rest have dropped off one by one,
And I am near my grave.

Yet still I love with morn to hear
The twittering tits above,
To watch at eve each long bright spear
Of light that cleaves the grove.

The leaves o'erhead, the flowers below,
Speak all of distant days—
Days glorified by time's rich glow,
But half-lost in its haze.

All earnest thoughts, and jests, and sighs
That erst were uttered here,
Still haunt me, till my pensive eyes
Grow dim with Friendship's tear.

Yet one dear relic of the past
Still walks the wood with me,
My wife—and onwards we both haste
Towards eternity.

One more remembrance—in this grove
Our plighted faith was given;
Now, do you wonder at my love?
Here earth was changed to heaven!

The Publishers of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL beg to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 47 Paternoster Row, London.

2d. To insure the return of papers that may prove ineligible, postage-stamps should in every case accompany them.

3d. All MSS. should bear the author's full CHRISTIAN name, surname, and address, legibly written.

4th. MSS. should be written on one side of the leaf only. Unless Contributors comply with the above rules, the Editor cannot undertake to return rejected papers.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.